https://sycophantastic.livejournal.com/38045.html?thread=179101#t179101

May 11th, 2011 08:23 am (UTC)
Gabriel/Crowley, R, kind of #4 ish? Also a human AU of a sort. (janitor! Gabe!)

"Uh oh."

Crowley has never liked that tone of voice. Crowley has never liked hearing it from Gabriel. Every single time he hears it, something goes horribly, horribly wrong.

"What did you do?" He asks. He doesn't want an answer.

"I kind of. Forgot the keys. Yup."

Crowley carefully turns around in the closet. "You closed the door."

"Hey, I didn't mean to!"

"We're locked in a supply closet because you forgot the keys and locked us in."

"That's about the size of it, yup."

Crowley debates making a remark about how it can't get any worse, but...

The lights go out.

"...and it seems the weather report about a storm was right on the money, too."

"God damn you, Gabriel."

"What! I didn't plan this!"

But there's a tone in Gabriel's voice that tells Crowley that he's not entirely serious, and there are hands on his hips, and this supply closet is entirely too small.

Crowley tries backing up, and hits a wall.

Gabriel's undoing his jacket, Crowley can feel Gabriel's fingers pulling buttons free, and Crowley does *not* want to be naked right now.

"Gabriel," he hisses, and gets a kiss for his troubles. Only it's not quite right, as Gabriel's missed his mouth, but Gabriel adjusts, and soon they're kissing properly.

If nothing else it sufficiently distracts Crowley from Gabriel opening his pants until they're down, and there's a hand inside them, on his cock.

It's quick after that, just Gabriel pumping him and murmuring nonsense against

Crowley's lips, and Crowley can't help it when he comes: he holds Gabriel's arms, he says his name, he can't help it.

Gabriel helps him slide down to the floor and Crowley hears a jingling.

"The keys," he says softly.

"I may have lied a little. Forgive me?"

Crowley closes his eyes and thunks his head against the wall.